

## Joe Strummer "Love Kills"

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Walking out of England thinking you were king  
Taking on this world, on that bus that goes through  
Mexico  
A killer love finds a sweet Mexican girl  
But in Mississippi we rushed into the room

Down in Dixie you were crying for dope  
Down in Alabama, they like home cooked fare, yeah  
So we're gonna strap you to the frying chair, yeah

But I don't know what love is  
Is there something else giving me the chills?  
But if my hands are the color of blood  
Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya  
Love kills, kills, love kills, kills

Do you wanna hear all the sirens  
Of the city drown the arguing?  
We're on Rikers Island on a population board  
They don't care about your fame

But I don't know what love is  
Is there something else giving me the chills?  
But if my hands are the color of blood  
Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya  
Love kills, kills, love kills, kills

On the Rio Grande they'll tie you to a tree  
Ooh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh  
And you can't call the lawyers  
'Cause the whorehouse is asleep  
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh

You people will get weak  
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh  
They'll throw you in a cell  
Where you can barely breathe  
Ohh, oh, ohh, ooh, oh, ohh

But I don't know what love is  
Is there something else giving me the chills?  
But if my hands are the color of blood

Then baby, I can tell ya, sure I can tell ya  
Love kills, kills, love kills, kills

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